

With Nothing Here But Me I Begin

by Darryl Price

to unwind looking for the answer.
I confess I wasn't so discreet
as life demanded, laughing like a
nowhere poet. Nothing relieved the
god awful boredom. Many times I
confess I hadn't really taken
the vitamins, crying like a court
jester thrown into a dungeon on
market day, and felt ashamed of all
human hypocrisy everywhere.
Many times over I confess I'm

paranoid; I can try to love the
police but they all act like Hitler
to me. Many times I confess there's
a sadness inside. Often I say
to myself I guess I can describe
a circle as well as the next guy.
I put forth my arms, look, I confess
to embrace the whole world, too, but just
because you're in it. Many times I
confess I've been places and seen things
that didn't appeal to me, weird things
worried me, like proselytizing guys

looking for disciples and money.
Many times I confess my own quick
sarcastic stupidity lacks all
sense of tenderness. Many times I

confess I'm scared, a madly lost cat,
a paradox, I'm sorry, really.
But if I close my eyes the horses
are beautiful again; the haunted
hopelessness I can do without. I
must confess I only wish to be
real, authentic, surprising, human
and kind with you in both joy and pain.

